A SELECTION OF POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus.Doc.

THE WORDS BY

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A. Engraved by J. Mitan.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. LONDON, Price 12/0

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To the

Marchioness of Lansdowne

This Volume is Inscribed,

by her Ladyship's obliged

& faithful Servant,

Thomas Moore.

Sloperton Cottage

Devizes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "*naturâ ad modos ducimur;*" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting, kind of music are here presented with the First Number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called national melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which Poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

It is not, indeed, without strong hopes of success that I present this First Number of our miscellany to the Public. As the music is not my own, and the words are little more than unpretending interpreters of the sentiment of each air, it will not perhaps be thought presumption in me to say, that I consider it one of the simplest and prettiest collections of songs to which I have ever set my name.

T. M

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TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

A Temple to Friendship.*

Spanish Air.

With Spirit but not too quick.

Cres

"A Temple to Friendship" said Laura, enchant_ed, "I'll build in this garden, the

thought is divine!" Her Temple was built _ and she now only wanted An

image of Friendship to place on the shrine. She flew to a sculptor, who

* The thought is taken from a Song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

set down before her A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent, But so

cold and so dull, that the youthful a_dorer Saw plainly this was not the

i_dol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining An image, whose looks are so

joyless and dim; But yon lit_tle God, up_on ros_es re_ clin_ing, We'll

make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him." So the bargain was struck_with the

lit_tle God laden She joy_ful_ly flew to her shrine in the grove_ "Fare_

well," said the sculptor "you're not the first maiden, Who came but for Friedship and

took away Love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

In Moderate time & with Expression

lentando

Flow on, thou shining ri _ ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With joys a_long their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thi – ther, Thou

find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then leave those wreaths to wi – ther Up –

on the cold bank there. And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her

lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown by upon life's weedy shore, Like

those sweet flow'rs from thee.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

DUETT.

In Moderate Time & with Expression

p

lentando

Flow on, thou shin_ing ri_ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek

Flow on, thou shin_ing ri_ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek

El_la's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And

El_la's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, our lives shall be,

joys a_long their course to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

With joys to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thi_ther, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then

But if, in wand'ring thi_ther, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then

leave those wreaths to wi _ ther Up _ on the cold bank there. And

leave those wreaths to wi _ ther Up _ on the cold bank there.

tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown

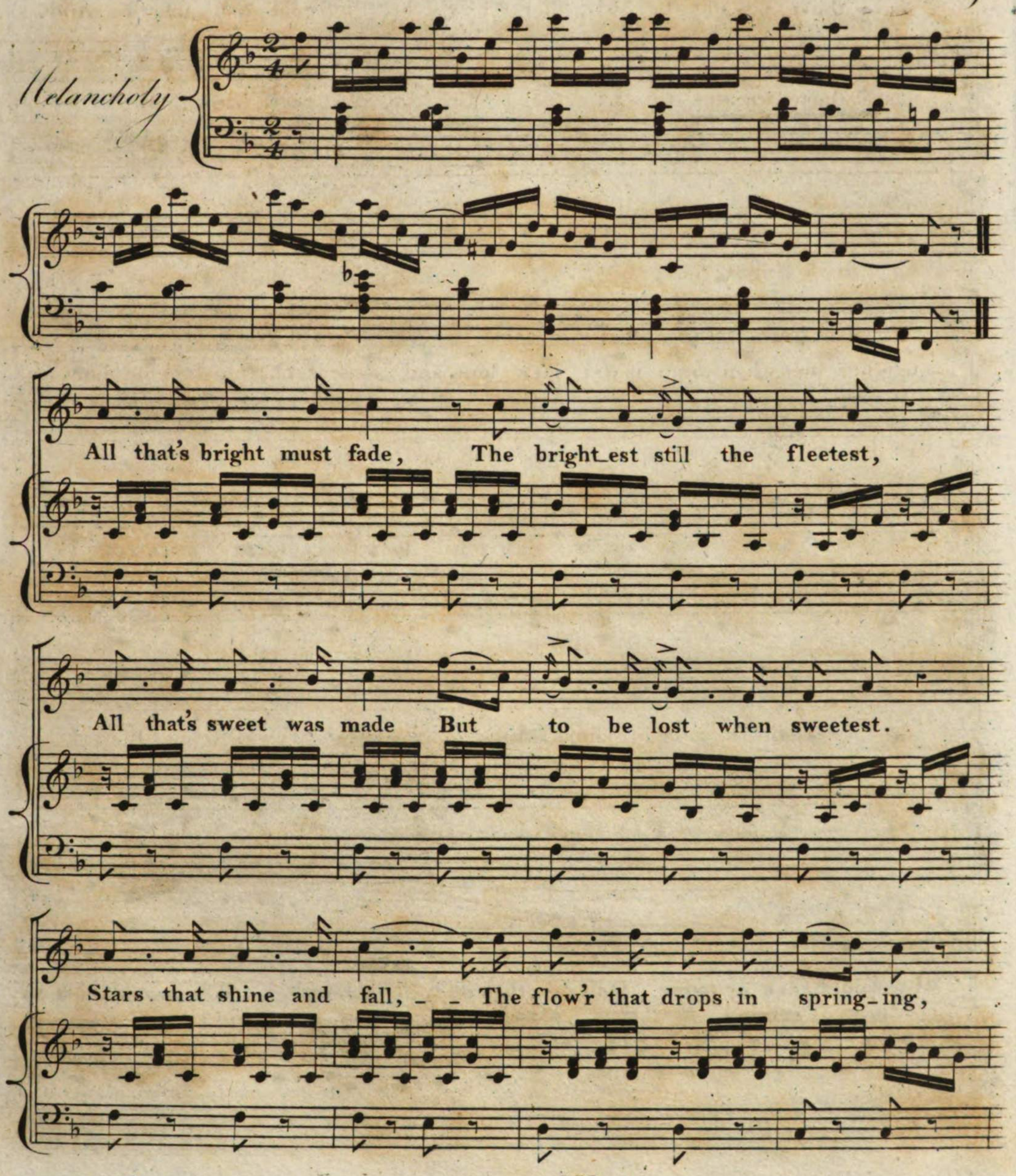
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her charms shall be

by upon life's weedy shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

up _ on life's shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.



These a_las! are types of all To which our hearts are cling _ ing.

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize Delights that end in aching? Who would trust to

ties That ev'_ry hour are breaking? Better far to be_ _ _ In

ut_ter darkness ly_ _ing, Than be blest with light and see That

light for e_ver fly_ing! All that's bright must fade, The bright_est still the

fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

DUETT.

Melancholy

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall,-The flow'r that drops in springing, These a-las! are

Stars that shine and fall, The flow'r that drops in springing, These a-las! are

types of all To which our hearts are clinging. All that's bright must fade, The brightest

types of all To which our hearts are clinging. All that's bright must fade, The brightest

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize De_lights that end in aching? Who would trust to

Who would seek or prize De_lights that end in aching? Who would trust to

ties That ev'_ry hour are breaking? Better far to be _ _ _ In

ties That ev'_ry hour are breaking? Better far to be In

ut_ter darkness ly_ _ ing, Than be blest with light and see That

ut_ter darkness ly_ _ ing, Than be blest with light and see That

light for e_ver fly_ing! All that's bright must fade, The brightest

light for e_ver fly_ing! All that's bright must fade, The brightest

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when

sweetest!

sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

(With tenderness)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted, That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell, That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted, Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell. To meet was a Heav'n_ and to part thus an_other, Our

joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss; Oh Cupid's two eyes are not

lik_er each o_ther, In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

8va

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious, The dawn of a pleasure scarce

kin_dled up yet_ The last was that farewell of day-light, more precious, More

glowing and deep, as 'tis near_er its set. Our meet_ing, tho' happy, was

ting'd by a sorrow, To think that such happiness could not remain, While our

parting, tho' sad, gave a hope that tomorrow Would bring back the blest hour of

meeting again.

8va

THOSE EV'NING BELLS.

Air The Bells of St. Petersburgh

Pensively and in Moderate Time.

Those ev'n_ing bells, those ev'n_ing bells, How many a tale their mu_sic tells Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime! Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth_ing chime!

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✱ It will be perceived that the Air is here made the Accompaniment.

Those joy_ous hours are past a_way, And many a heart, that

then was gay, With-in the tomb now dark_ly dwells And hears no

more those ev'_ning bells, With-in the tomb now darkly dwells And

hears no more those ev'ning bells.

And so 'twill be, when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring

on, While o_ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

ev'_ning bells! While o_ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your

praise, sweet ev'ning bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air

With Expression

*Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee, Which now so sweetly thy heart em-

ploy, Should the cold world come to wake thee From all thy

* The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the Air.

vi_sions of youth and joy. Should the gay friends for whom thou wouldst

banish Him who once thought thy young heart his own, All, like

springbirds, false_ly vanish, And leave thy winter unheed_ed and lone.

p *p*

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd

o'er; Then the truant, lost and blight_ed, Would to his bosom be taken once

more. Like that dear bird we both can remember, Who left us while summer shone

round; But, when chill'd by bleak December, Upon our threshold a welcome still

found.

p *p*

REASON, FOLLY, and BEAUTY.

Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A. *Engraved by J. Milan.*

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till folly said
Look here sweet maid!
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;

London, Published April 23rd 1818, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

Reason, Folly and Beauty.

Italian Air.

Quick and Playful.

8va loco

Reason and Folly and Beauty, they say, Went on a

p

par_ty of pleasure one day; Folly play'd Around the maid, The bells of his

Cap rung merri_ly out, While Reason took to his sermon-book_Oh which was the

pleasanter no one need doubt, no, no, no, no - - Which was the

pleasanter no one need doubt. Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

8va

Beau - ty, who likes to be thought ve - ry sage, Turn'd for a

moment to Reason's dull page, 'Till Folly said "Look here, sweet

maid!" The sight of his Cap brought her back to her_self; While Reason

read His leaves of lead, With no one to mind him, poor sen_si_ble

elf! no, no, no, no, _ _ no one to mind him, poor

sen_si_ble elf! no one to mind him, poor sen_si_ble elf!

8va

Then Reason grew jea_lous of Fol_ly's gay Cap, Had he that

on, he her heart might en_trap_"There it is" quoth Fol_ly "old

quiz!" (Fol_ly was always good na_tur'd,'tis said) Un_der the

sun, There's no such fun As Reason with my Cap and bells on his

head ha! ha! ha! ha! Rea_son with my Cap and

bells on his head! Reason with my Cap and bells on his head!"

8va

But Reason the headdress so awkwardly

wore, That Beauty now lik'd him still less than be_fore, While Folly

took Old Rea_son's book, And twist_ed the leaves in a Cap of such

ton That Beauty vow'd, (Tho' not a - loud) She lik'd him still

bet_ter in that than his own, yes, yes, yes, yes,

lik'd him still better in that than his own. lik'd him still better in

that than his own.

8va

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Sicilian Air.

With Feeling

Fare thee well, thou love_ly one! Love_ly still, but dear no more;—

Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er. Thy

words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell, Could scarce have thus de_ceiv'd, But

ad lib:

eyes that act _ ed truth so well Were sure to be be _ liev'd. Then,

fare thee well, thou lovely one! Love _ ly still, but dear no more;

ad lib:

Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er.

* a tempo

Yet those eyes look constant still, True as stars they keep their light,

* The Symphonies of this and the preceeding Song are by the Author of the words.

still those cheeks their pledge fulfill Of blushing always bright. 'Tis on_ly on thy

changeful heart The blame of falsehood lies; Love lives in ev'_ry other part, But

ad lib:

there alas! he dies. Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one! Lovely still, but

ad lib:

dear no more; Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er.

a tempo

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Portuguese Air.

Tenderly

Dost thou re_member that place so lone_ly, A place for lovers, and lovers on_ly, Where first I told thee all my secret sighs, Where first I told thee all my secret sighs; When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee, Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt be_

fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes, And read my

hope's sweet triumph in those eyes. Then, then while

espress lentando a tempo espress

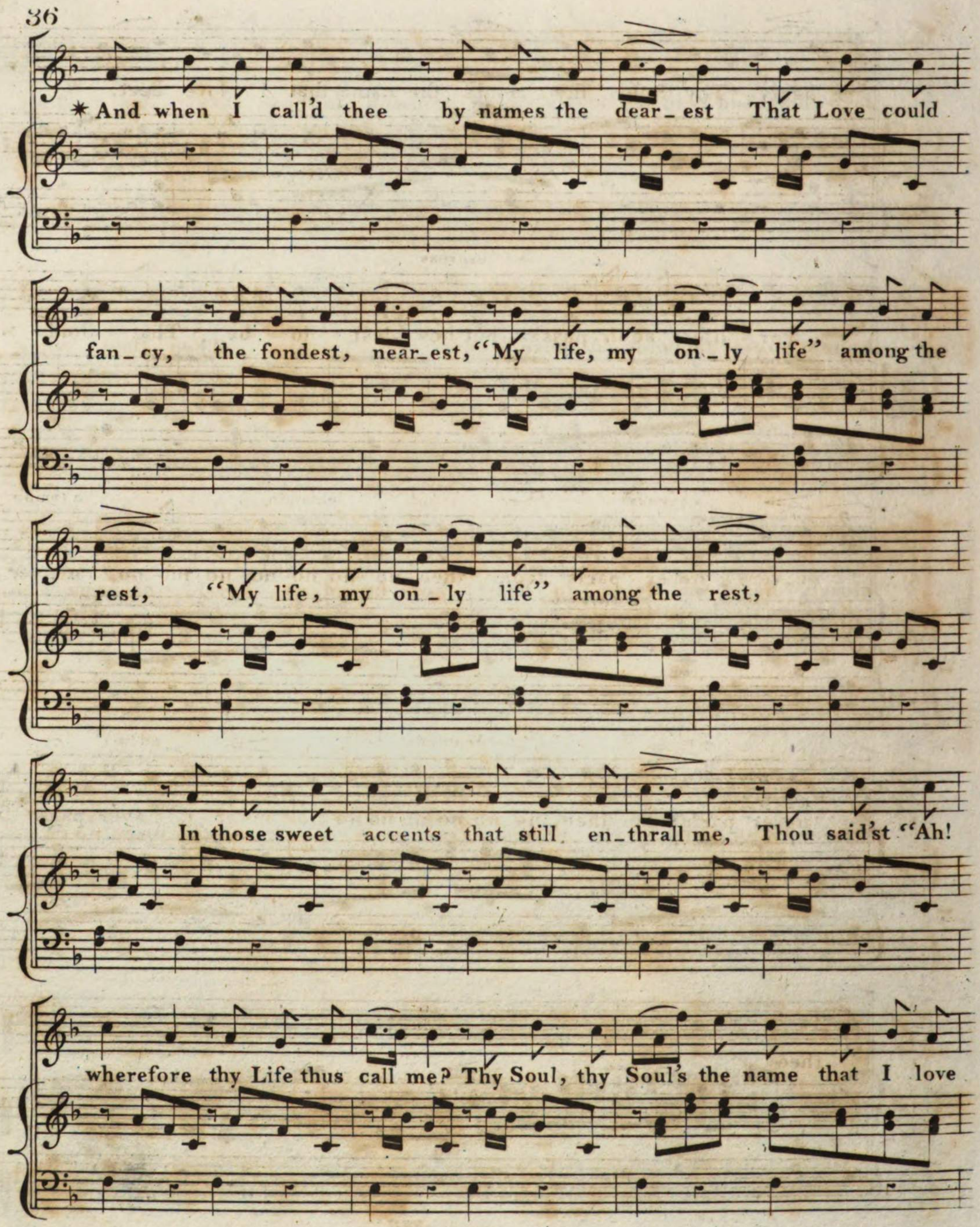
closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—never, never more to

lentando a tempo lentando

part, no no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no no no no no

ad lib

never, never more to part.



* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portugues words.

best, Thy Soul thy Soul's the name that I love best.

espress

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which

espress lentando a tempo

ne_ver, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no ne_ver,

lentando ad lib:

never parts from thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from

thee.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Portuguese Air.

DUETT.

First Voice

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

Second Voice

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

Tenderly

lovers, and lovers on_ly, Where first I told thee all my secret

lovers, and lovers on_ly, Where first I told thee all my secret

sighs, Where first I told thee all my se_cret sighs;

sighs, Where first I told thee all my se_cret sighs;

When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee Illum'd thy

When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee Illum'd thy

blushes, I knelt be_fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those

blushes, I knelt be_fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those

eyes, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes.

eyes, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes.

espress lentando a tempo

Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—

Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—

espress lentando a tempo lentando

never, never more to part, no no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no

never, never more to part, no no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no

ad lib:

no no no no never, never more to part.

no no no no never, never more to part:

*And when I call'd thee by names the dearest That Love could

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest That Love could

fan_cy, the fondest, near_est, "My life, my on_ly life" among the

fan_cy, the fondest, near_est, "My life, my on_ly life" among the

rest, "My life, my on_ly life" among the rest,—

rest, "My life, my on_ly life" among the rest,—

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese Words.

In those sweet accents that still en_thrall me, Thou saidst "ah!

In those sweet accents that still en_thrall me, Thou saidst "ah!

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

best, Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love best.

best, Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love best.

a tempo espress espress

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which never, never parts from

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which never, never parts from

lentando a tempo lentando

thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no

thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no

ad lib:

never, never parts from thee!"

never, never parts from thee!"

OH COME TO ME WHEN DAY LIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

Flowingly

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moon-light sea. When mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

sound of lutes and mando_lins To steal young hearts a_way. Oh

come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon_dolets O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

all's so calm be_low, a_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When maidens

sing sweet barcarolles,* And Echo sings a_gain, So sweet, that all with ears and

souls Should love and lis_ten then. So come to me, when day-light sets,

Sweet! then come to me, When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moon light sea.

* Barcarolles, sorte de Chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les Gondoliers à Venise. — Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.

Venetian Air.

DUETT.

Slowingly

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When

smoothly go our gon-do-lets * O'er the moon-light sea. When

smoothly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moon-light sea. When

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

* La Biondina in gondoletta.

sound of lutes and mando_lins To steal young hearts a_way. Oh

sound of lutes and mando_lins To steal young hearts a_way. Oh

come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon_do_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

smoothly go our gon_do_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

all's so calm be_low, a_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When

all's so calm be_low, a_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When

maid_ens sing sweet bar_ca_rolles, And E_cho sings a_gain, So

maid_ens sing sweet bar_ca_rolles, And E_cho sings a_gain, So

sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and lis - ten then. So

sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and lis - ten then. So

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon_do_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

smoothly go our gon_do_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

With Melancholy Expression

8va

pp

Oft in the stil_ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

p

Fond mem'ry brings the light Of o_ther days a_round me. The

smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spok_en, The

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now brok_en!

Thus in the stil_ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry

brings the light Of other days a_round me.

When I re_member all The friends, so link'd to_ge_ _ther,

I've seen a_round me fall, Like leaves in win_try weather; I

feel like one, who treads a_lone Some ban_quet-hall, de_

sert_ _ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar_ _lands dead, And

all, but he, de_part_ed! Thus in the stil_ly night, Ere

slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light Of

other days a_round me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

GLEE.

In Moderate time

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Piano Forte

Hark! the ves_per hymn is stealing O'er the waters soft and clear;

Near_er yet and near_er peal_ing, Now it bursts up_on_the ear.

Ju_ _bi_ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _bi_ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

f

Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te A _ _ _ men

Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te A _ _ _ men

Ju _ bi la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te A _ _ _ men

Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te Ju _ bi _ la _ te A _ _ _ men

pp

✱Far _ ther now, now far _ ther steal _ ing, Soft it fades up _ on the ear.

Ju _ _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ te A _ _ men A _ _ men.

Ju _ _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ te A _ _ _ men A _ _ men.

Ju _ _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ te A _ _ men A _ _ men.

pp

✱ This passage is added to the original Air by Sir John Stevenson.

Far_ther now, now far_ther steal_ing, Soft it fade up_on the ear.

Ju _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ _ te A _ _ men A _ _ men.

Ju _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ _ te A _ _ _ men A _ _ men.

Ju _ _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ _ te A _ _ _ men A _ _ men.

8va

Now, like moonlight waves retreat_ing To the shore, it dies a_long;

Now, like an_gry surges meet_ing, Breaks the min_gled tide of song.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

pp

Hush! a_gain, like waves retreat_ing To the shore, it dies a_long.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _ la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _ men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _ la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _ men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _ men.

Hush! a_gain, like waves retreat_ing To the shore, it dies a_long.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _ la_ _ te A_ _ men A_ _ men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _ la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _ men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ men A_ _ men.

8va

A SELECTION OF
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,
with Symphonies and Accompaniments
By
HENRY R. BISHOP.
The Words by
THOMAS MOORE, ESQR.

DRAWN BY THOS STOTHARD R.A. ENGRAVED BY CHAS HEATH.

LONDON.

Published Jany 1, 1820, by J. Power, 34 Strand.

(Second Number.)

To the

Marchioness of Lansdowne

This Volume is Inscribed,

by her Ladyship's obliged

& faithful Servant,

Thomas Moore.

Sloperton Cottage

Devizes.

[SECOND EDITION.]

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND NUMBER.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

In Moderate Time and with much Expression.

p

espress

smorz:

scherzoso

f p

pp

At morn, be-side yon summer sea, Young

Hope and Love re-clin'd; But scarce had noon-tide

come, when he In - to his bark leap'd smiling - ly, And

left poor Hope be - hind, And left poor Hope be - hind!

ten:

"I go", said Love, "to sail awhile A -

cross this sunny main" — And then so sweet his parting smile, That

Hope, who, never dream'd of guile, Be - liev'd he'd come a -

gain. Be - liev'd he'd come a - gain.

She lin-ger'd there 'till Evening's beam A - - long the wa - ters

lay; And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream, Oft trac'd his name, which

still the stream As often wash'd a _ way, As often wash'd a _

way. At length, a sail ap_pears in sight, And

legati

tow'rd the Maid _ en moves; — 'Tis Wealth that comes, and

gay and bright His golden bark re _ flects the light — But,

ah, it is not Love's, it is not is not Love's!

pp

An-other sail 'twas Friendship show'd Her night-lamp o'er the sea; And

calm the light that lamp bestow'd, But Love had lights that warmer glow'd, And

where, alas! was He? And where, alas! was He?

f *p*

Now fast a_round the sea and shore Night threw her dark _ ling

chain; The sun_ny sails were seen no more, Hope's

morning dreams of bliss were o'er__ Love ne_ver came a_

gain! Love ne_ver came a _ _gain!

pp

dim

ten:

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

Rather slow and With feeling

p

cres

p

There comes a time, a dreary time, To him, whose heart hath flown O'er

all the fields of Youth's sweet prime, And made each flow'r its own. 'Tis

when his soul must first renounce Those dreams so bright, so fond _ Oh

ten:

then's the hour to die at once, For life has nought be _ yond._ A _

las, that time, that dreary time, To him, whose heart hath flown O'er

all the fields of Youth's sweet prime, And made each flow'r its own! __

When sets the Sun on Afric's shore, That instant all is night, And

so should life at once be o'er, When Love withdraws his light. Nor,

like our northern day gleam on Thro' twilight's dim de _ lay _ _ The

ten

cold remains of lustre gone, Of fire, long pass'd a _ way. _ Oh

yes, that time, that dreary time, To him, whose heart hath flown O'er

all the fields of Youth's sweet prime, And made each flow'r its

own.

MY HARP HAS ONE, UNCHANGING THEME.

Swedish Air.

With Mournful Languor.

p dim pp

My Harp has one, unchang_ing theme, One strain, that still comes

mf p

o'er Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream Of Joy that's now no

mf pp

more. In vain I try with livelier air To wake the breath_ing

string, That voice of o_ther times is there, And saddens all I

pp

sing.

smorz: calando

Breathe on, breathe on, thou lan_guid strain, Hence-forth be all my

mf *p*

own, Though thou art oft so full of pain, Few hearts can bear thy

mf *pp*

tone. Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh, The breath that Pleasure's

wings Gave out, when last they wan - ton'd by, Were

still upon thy strings.

pp

cres

smorz

calando

OH! NO_NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOV'D.

Cashmerian Air.

In Moderate time (not too slow) and Tenderly.

p Cres f p Cres f

p Cres p pp

Oh!. no_ not ev'n when first we lov'd, Wert thou as dear as

Cres

now thou art; Thy beauty then my sens _ es mov'd,

f p

But now thy vir _ tues bind my heart__ What was but

pp

pas _ sion's sigh be _ fore, Has since been turn'd to

sfz

rea _ _ son's vow, And tho' I then might love thee

f *p*

more, Trust me, I love _ thee better better now!

pp *mf*

f

sfz *sfz*

pp *f* dim *pp*

smorz

Although my heart, in ear_lier youth, Might kin_dle

with more wild de_sire, Be_lieve me, it has

dol

gain'd in truth Much more than it has lost in

f p pp

fire. The flame now warms my in_most core, That

then but spar_kled o'er my brow; And tho' I

sfz

seem'd to love thee more, Yet, Oh! I love thee better better

f p pp

now.

mf sfz sfz

p smorz f pp

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

Affectionately

p

sosten

cres

Soave

Peace be around thee, wher - ever thou rov'st, May life be, for thee, one

summer's-day, And all that thou wishest and all that thou lov'st Come

smiling around thy sunny way! If sorrow e'er this calm should break, May

cres mf pp sosten:

ev'n thy tears pass off so light_ly, Like spring-show'rs, they'll

on _ _ly make The smiles that fol _ low shine more brightly!

cres mf pp

May

dol:e sosten:

cres p

Time, who sheds his blight o'er all, And dai_ly dooms some joy to death, O'er

thee let years so gently fall They shall not crush one flow'r beneath! As

half in shade and half in Sun, This world along its path advances,

cres

mf

dol: ed espres

May that side the Sun's upon, Be all that shall e_ver meet thy glances!

espres

cres

sosten:

mf

pp

dol: e sosten:

cres

p

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

DUETT.

Scotch Air.

Affectionately

p

sosten

cres

pp

Soave

Peace be around thee, wher - ever thou rov'st, May life be for thee, one

Soave

Peace be wher - ever thou rov'st, May life be one

summer's day, And all that thou wishest and all that thou lov'st Come

summer's day, And all that thou wishest and lov'st

smiling a_round thy sun_ny way! If sorrow e'er this calm should

Come smiling a_round thy way! If sorrow e'er this calm should

break, May ev'n thy tears pass off so light_ly, Like spring show'rs, they'll

dol

break, May ev'n thy tears pass off so light_ly, Like spring show'rs, they'll

dol

on_ _ly make The smiles that fol_low shine more bright_ly!

espress:

on_ _ly make The smiles that follow shine brightly!

pp

May

dol: e sosten:

cres

p

Time, who sheds his blight o'er all, And dai - ly dooms some

who sheds his blight o'er all, And dooms some

joy to death, O'er thee let years so gent - ly fall They shall not crush one

joy to death, let years so gent - ly fall They shall not crush one

flow'r beneath! As half in shade and half in sun, This world a_long its

flow'r beneath! As half in shade and half in sun, This world a_long its

dol: ed espress:

path advances, May that side the Sun's up_on, Be all that e'er shall

path advances, May that side the Sun's up_on, Be all that e'er shall

cres

espress:

meet thy glances!

meet thy glances!

pp

dol: e sosten:

cres

p

pp

COMMON SENSE, and GENIUS.

Drawn by Thos. Stothard R.A. *Engraved by Chas. Heath.*

One his eye ne'er rais'd
From the path before him
T'other idly gaz'd
On each night cloud o'er him.
While I touch &c. &c.

Published Jan.y 1, 1820, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

Moderately quick and Playfully.

p cres

While I touch the string, Wreathe my brows with laurel,

f sf pp

For the Tale I sing Has, for once, a moral! Common-Sense one night,

Tho' not us'd to gambols, Went out, by moonlight, With Genius on his rambles.—

smorz

While I touch the string, Wreathe my brows with laurel, For the Tale I sing,

Has, for once, a moral!

p *f* Cres *f*

Common Sense went on, Many wise things saying; While the light that shone

pp

Soon set Genius straying. *One* his eye ne'er rais'd From the path before him;

T'other i_dly gaz'd On each night-cloud o'er him. While I touch the string,

smorz

Wreathe my brows with laurel, For the Tale I sing, Has, for once, a moral!

So they came, at last,

p *f* Cres *f* *pp*

To a shady river;_ Common-Sense soon pass'd, Safe,_ as he doth ever.

While the boy, whose look Was in heav'n that minute, Never saw the brook, But

tumbled headlong in it! While I touch the string, Wreathe my brows with laurel,

smorz:

For the Tale I sing, Has, for once, a moral!

p f Cres f

How the Wise one smil'd, When safe o'er the torrent, At that youth, so wild,

rf

pp

Espress:e un poco piu lento.

Dripping from the current. Sense went home to bed,_ Genius left to shiver

Largo, e molto espress: Tempo Primo e scherzoso.

On the bank, 'tis said, Died of that cold ri_ver! While I touch the string,

Wreathe my brows with laurel, For the Tale I sing, Has, for once, a moral!

mf

f *ff* *rf*

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Old English Air.

With Melancholy and Tender Expression.

Then fare thee well, my own dear love, This world has now for us No greater grief, no pain above The pain of parting thus, dear love! The pain of parting thus! Had

p sosten *f* *p* *pp* *f* *p* espress dolce

we but known, since first we met, Some few short hours of

mf *pp*

bliss, We might, in numb'ring them, forget The deep deep pain of

this, dear love! The deep deep pain of this. But

f *p* espress: dol:

no, a_las— We've never seen One glimpse of plea_sure's ray, But

mf *pp*

still there came some cloud between, And chas'd it all a_way, dear love! And

chas'd it all a_way! Yet ev'n could those sad moments last, Far

espress: dolce

pp

dearer to_my heart Were hours of grief, to_ge_ther past, Than

years of mirth a_part, dear love! Than years of mirth a_part.

f

p

espress:

Fare well— our hope was born in fears, And

dolce

nurs'd 'mid vain re_grets; Like win_ter suns, it

rose in tears, Like them in tears it sets, dear love! Like

them in tears it sets.

f f p

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Maltese Air.

Lively but not too quick.

f

f

p dol

f

Gai _ _ ly sounds the Cas _ ta _ net, Beating time to

stacc molto

bound _ ing feet, When, af _ ter day _ light's gold _ en set,

Maids and Youths by moon-light meet. Oh! then, how

sweet to move Thro' all that maze of mirth, - -

Lighted by those eyes we love, Be-yond all eyes - on

earth.

Then, the joy_ous banquet spread On the cool and fragrant ground, With

stacc molto

night's bright eye-beams, o_ver head, And still brighter sparkling round.

mf > p

Oh! then, how sweet to say In_to the lov'd one's ear, _ _

cres

Thoughts reserv'd through many a day, To be thus whisper'd here.

f ff rf

When the dance and feast are done, Arm in arm as home we stray; How

sweet to see the dawn_ing sun O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!

mf *p*

Then, then the fare-well kiss, And words whose part_ing tone__

Lin_gers still in dreams of bliss, That haunt young hearts a_lone.

f *ff* *rf*

LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.

Languedocian Air.

In Moderate time and with Simplicity

p

pp

slentando

dol

slentando

Love is a hun_ter - boy, Who makes young hearts his prey;

pp e legati

And in his nets of Joy En_snares them night and day.

In vain conceal'd they lie, Love tracks them ev'ry where;

In vain a_loft they fly,_ _ _ Love shoots them fly_ing

there.

pp *pp* slentando

But 'tis his joy most sweet, At ear_ly dawn to trace The print of

pp e legati

Beau_ty's feet, And give the trembler chace. And most he

loves through snow To track those footsteps fair, For then the Boy doth

know None track'd be-fore him there.

f ff

COME CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

With Lightness and Expression.

f *ff*

Come, chase that start - ing tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs; To-

p

night, at least, to-night be gay, What-e'er to-morrow brings! Like

sun'- set gleams, that lin - ger late, When all is dark'ning fast, Are

hours like these we snatch from fate, The brightest and the last. Then

chase that starting tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs, To-

night, at least, to-night be gay, What-e'er to-morrow brings.

pp

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heav'n But one bright hour al_

low, Oh! think that one bright hour is giv'n In

all its splen_dour now. Let's live it out— then

sink in night, Like waves, that from the shore One

ad lib:

minute swell are touch'd with light, Then lost for e - ver

Colla Voce

f *p* *pp* dim

a Tempo

more. Come, chase that start - - ing tear a - way, Ere

a Tempo

mine to meet it springs; To - night, at least, to -

night be gay, What - e'er to - mor - row brings.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

Portuguese Air.

Smoothly and in Moderate time.

pp legati — cres — f — p

pp — sosten:

Sotto Voce

Whisp'rings, heard by wakeful maids, To whom the night-stars guide us —

pp

Stolen walks through moon-light shades, With those we love be-side us —

Hearts beating, at meeting, Tears start_ing, at part_ing—

Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades, Sweet joys of youth, how

fleeting!

p dol *f* *p*

Sotto Voce

Wand'rings far a_way from home, With life all new be_fore us;

pp

Greetings warm, when back we come, From hearts, whose pray'rs watch'd

o'er us! Tears starting, at parting Hearts beat_ing, at meeting,

Oh! sweet youth, how lost on some, To some how bright and

fleeting!

p dol f p

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

DUETT.

Portuguese Air.

Smoothly and in Moderate time.

pp legati — cres — f — p

pp — sosten

dol

Whisp'rings, heard by wakeful maids, To whom the night-stars guide us —

dol

Whisp'rings, heard by wakeful maids, To whom the night-stars guide us —

pp

Stolen walks through moon-light shades, With those we love be-side us —

Stolen walks through moon-light shades, With those we love be-side us —

Hearts beat_ing, at meet_ing, Tears start_ing at part_ing

Hearts beat_ing, at meet_ing, Tears start_ing at part_ing

Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades, Sweet joys of youth, how fleet_ing!

sweet youth, how soon it fades, Sweet joys of youth, how fleet_ing!

dol

f *p*

dol

Wand'rings far a_way from home, With life all new be_fore us;

dol

Wand'rings far a_way from home, With life all new be_fore us;

pp

Greet_ings warm when back we come, From hearts, whose pray'rs watch'd

Greet_ings warm when back we come, From hearts, whose pray'rs watch'd

o'er us! Tears start_ing, at parting, Hearts beat_ing, at meeting_

o'er us! Tears start_ing, at parting, Hearts beat_ing, at meeting_

Oh! sweet youth, how lost on some, To some how bright and fleet_ing!

sweet youth, how lost on some, To some how bright and fleet_ing!

dol

f p

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

With Expression.

p

pp

rf rf rf

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In which our Love lies cold and dead,

mf

calando

I count each flatt'ring hope he gave Of joys now lost and charms now fled.

calando

mf

mf p mf p

f p pp

Who could have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would

fade a_way? Or that a chill would e'er come o'er Those

eyes, so bright through many a day!

calando p

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

DUETT.

French Air.

With Expression.

p

pp

espress

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In

espress

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In

pp

which our Love lies cold and dead,

which our Love lies cold and dead,

I count each flatt'r - - ing hope he gave Of

I count each hope he gave Of

cres calando

joys now lost and charms now fled!

cres calando

joys - - now lost and charms now fled!

f *pp* *ppp* *mf*

f *p*

Who would have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would

Who would have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would

cres

fade a_way? Or that a chill would e'er come o'er Those eyes so

cres

fade a_way? Or a chill come o'er Those eyes so

calando

bright through many a day!

calando

bright through many a day!

ppp

p

A SELECTION OF
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,
with Symphonies and Accompaniments
By
HENRY R. BISHOP,
The Words by
THOMAS MOORE, ESQR.

DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD, R.A. ENGRAVED BY C. MARR.

"O'er head from the trees hung a Garland fair,
A fountain run darkly beneath—
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow'rs up there,
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath."

R. & E. Williamson, Scrip.

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(Third Number.)

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TO

THE THIRD NUMBER.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

In Moderate Time.

slentando.

When Love was a child, and went idl_ing round'Mong flowers the whole summer's day— One morn in the val_ley a bow'r he found, So sweet, it allur'd him to stay. O'er

head from the trees hung a Garland fair, A foun_tain run darkly be_

neath__ 'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow'rs up there, Love

knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

rf

rf

But Love didn't know__and at his weak years, What

p

ur_chin was like_ly to know?__ That Sorrow had made of her

own salt tears That foun_tain which murmur'd be _ low.

He caught at the wreath__ but with

too much haste, As boys, when im_patient, will do __ It

fell in those waters of bri_ny taste, And the flowers were all wet

through. Yet

rf *rf* *p*

this is the wreath he wears night and day, And, though it all sun_ny ap-

pears With Pleasure's own lus_tre, each leaf, they say, Still

tastes of the Foun_tain of Tears.

f *pp*

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO DAY?

Sicilian Air.

With Spirit and Feeling

p legati

dim

pp

Say, what shall be our sport to day? There's nothing on earth, in sea or air, Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay, For spirits like mine to dare! 'Tis like the re_turn_ing bloom Of those days, a_las, gone by, When I

lov'd, each hour- I scarce knew whom, And was blest- I scarce knew why, When I

lov'd, each hour, I scarce knew whom, And was blest I scarce knew

why, was blest I scarce knew why.

Aye- those were days, when life had wings, And

mf f pp

flew- oh flew so wild a height, That like the lark, which sunward springs, 'Twas

giddy with too much light! And, though of some plumes be_reft, With that

sun, too, near_ly set, I've e_nough of light And wing still left For a

few gay soarings yet, I've e_nough of light and wing still left For a

few gay soar_ings yet For a few gay soar_ings yet.

mf *f*

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

Welsh Air.

In Moderate Time. Feelingly.

p Soave

Bright be thy dreams_

f p e ritard:

may all thy weeping Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping!

Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,

f p

All thou'st e_ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smil_ing to thee!

f pp

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,

Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest; Still the same_ no charm for_got,

Nothing lost that Life had giv_en_ Or, if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'lt

find her yet in Hea_ven!

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

DUETT.

Welsh Air.

First Voice.

Second Voice.

In Moderate Time. Feelingly

p. Soave. *f* *p* e ritard

Bright, be thy dreams,

Bright, be thy dreams,

may all thy weeping Turn in_to smiles, while thou art sleep_ing!

may all thy weeping Turn in_to smiles, while thou art sleep_ing!

Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,

Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,

All thou'st e_ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smiling to thee!

All thou'st e_ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smil_ing to thee!

There may the child,

There may the child,

f *pp* *f* *pp*

whose love lay deepest, Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—

whose love lay deepest, Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—

Still the same — no charm for - got, No - thing lost that

Still the same — no charm for - got, No - thing lost that

espres:

Life had giv - en — Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'lt

Life had giv - en — Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'lt

find her yet in Heaven!

find her yet in Heaven!

f *p* ritard

GO THEN — 'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

Mournfully

Soave.

Go then — 'tis vain to ho - - ver, Thus round a hope that's dead - -

At length my dream is o - - ver, 'Twas sweet — 'twas false — 'tis

fled. Fare-well — since nought it moves thee

Such truth as mine to see - - - - Such truth as mine to

legati

Cres

see - - - - Some one, who far less loves thee, Perhaps more blest will

mf

p

be.

rf

rf

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness New life a - round me shed - -

Farewell, false heart, whose light _ ness Now leaves me death in _ stead __

Go now, those charms sur _ ren _ _ der To some new lo _ ver's sigh _ _ _

legati

_ _ To some new lo _ ver's sigh _ _ _ One, who tho' far less

Cres mf p

ten _ _ der, May be more blest than I.

rf dim

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

Gaily

f

p pp

8va loco

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each instant e-cho to our song. And

ad lib: a tempo.

when we meet with store of gems, We grudge not kings' their di_adems, _ O'er

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

a tempo.

grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

cres

instant e_cho to our song.

mf f ff

slentando

p pp

No Lover half so fondly dreams Of sparkles from his la_dy's eyes, As

a tempo.

we of those refreshing gleams, That tell where deep the Crystal lies; Tho'

ad lib:

a tempo

next to crystal, we, too, grant, That la_dies, eyes may most enchant _ O'er

mountains, bright withsnow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a long, While

a tempo.

grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each instant e_cho to our song. Each

cres

instant e_cho to our song.

mf f ff

p pp slentando.

Sometimes when o'er the Alpine rose, The golden sunset leaves its ray, So

like a gem the flow'ret glows, We thither bend our head-long way. And

ad lib: a tempo.

tho' we find no treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair — O'er

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal - hunters speed along, While

a tempo

grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

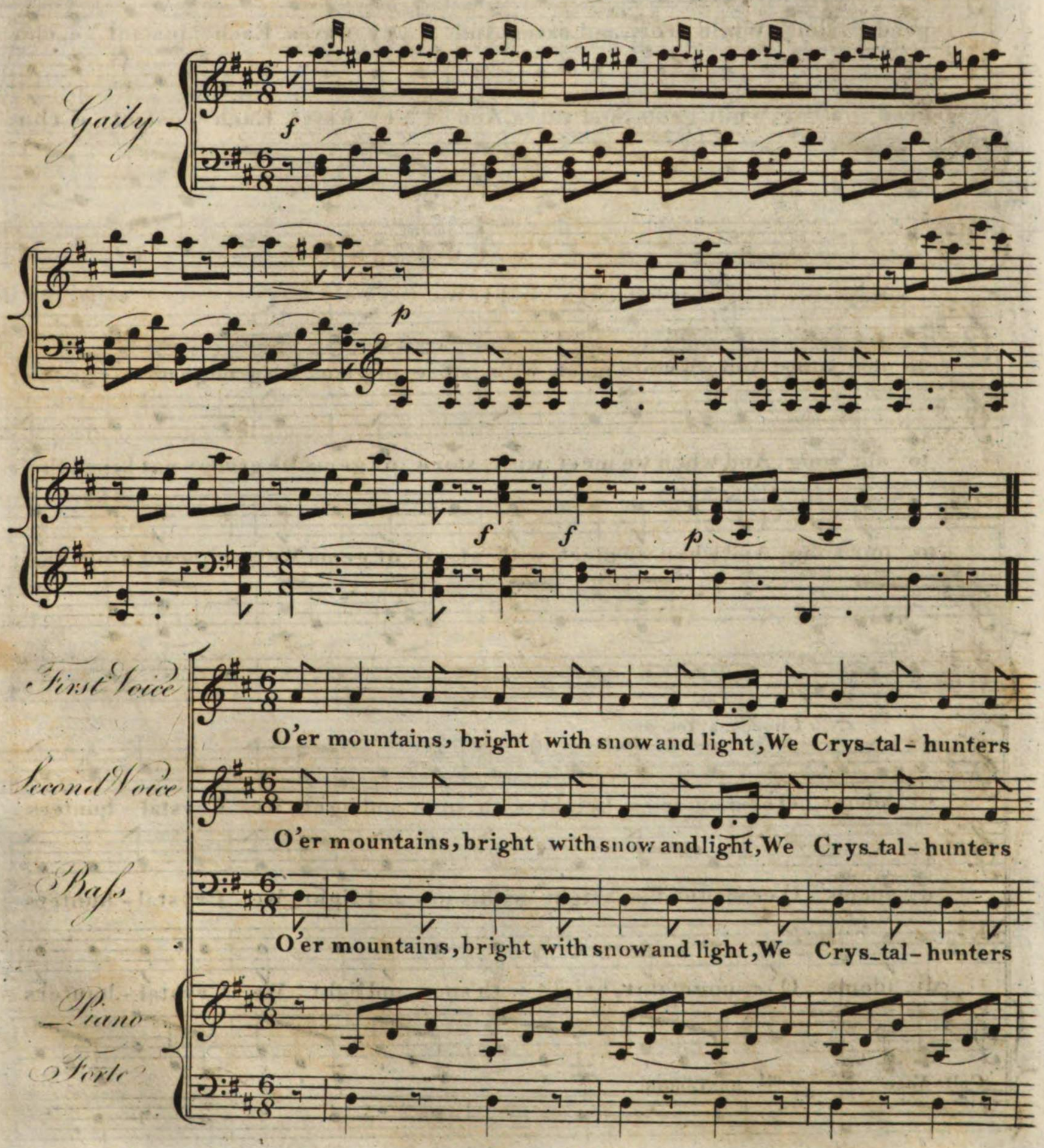
cres

in - stant e - cho to our song.

mf f

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

TRIO AND CHORUS. *Swiss Air.*



speed along, While grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each instant e_cho

speed along, While grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each instant e_cho

speed along, While grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each instant e_cho

ad lib:

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

ad lib:

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

Chorus. a Tempo.

p

di_adems_O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters

p

di_adems_O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters

p

di_adems_O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters

Colla Voce *mf* a Tempo.

speed a_long, While grots, and caves, And i_ _cy waves Each

speed a_long, While grots, and caves, And i_ _cy waves Each

speed a_long, While grots, and caves, And i_ _cy waves Each

cres *f*

in_stant e_cho to our song. Each in_stant e_cho to our song.

cres *f*

in_stant e_cho to our song. Each in_stant e_cho to our song.

cres *f*

in_stant e_cho to our song. Each in_stant e_cho to our song.

cres *mf* *f*

Cres *ff*

p Slentando.

dim *pp*

No Lo _ ver half so fond _ ly dreams Of spar _ kles from his

No Lo _ ver half so fond _ ly dreams Of spar _ kles from his

No Lo _ ver half so fond _ ly dreams Of spar _ kles from his

la _ dy's eyes, As we of those re _ fresh _ ing gleams, That

la _ dy's eyes, As we of those re _ fresh _ ing gleams, That

la _ dy's eyes, As we of those re _ fresh _ ing gleams, That

tell where deep the crys _ tal lies. Tho' next to crys _ tal

tell where deep the crys _ tal lies. Tho' next to crys _ tal

tell where deep the crys _ tal lies. Tho' next to crys _ tal

ad lib:

a Tempo.

we, too, grant, That la_dies, eyes may most en_chant_ O'er

we, too, grant, That la_dies, eyes may most en_chant_ O'er

ad lib:

we, too, grant, That la_dies, eyes may most en_chant_ O'er

Colla Voce

moun_tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys_tal - hun_ters

moun_tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys_tal - hun_ters

moun_tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys_tal - hun_ters

a Tempo

speed a_long, While grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each

speed a_long, While grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each

speed a_long, While grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each

cres f

instant e_cho to our song. Each in_stant e_cho to our song.

cres f

instant e_cho to our song. Each in_stant e_cho to our song.

cres f

instant e_cho to our song. Each in_stant e_cho to our song.

cres mf f

Cres ff

p Slentando. dim pp

Sometimes when o'er the Al_pine rose, The gold_en sun - set

Sometimes when o'er the Al_pine rose, The gold_en sun - set

Sometimes when o'er the Al_pine rose, The gold_en sun - set

leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'_ret glows, We

leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'_ret glows, We

leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'_ret glows, We

thi_ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

thi_ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

thi_ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

ad lib:

Chorus

trea_sure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair_ O'er

trea_sure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair_ O'er

ad lib:

trea_sure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair_ O'er

Colla Voce

a Tempo

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a_long, While

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a_long, While

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a_long, While

a Tempo

grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each in_stant echo to our song. Each

cres

grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each in_stant e_cho to our song. Each

cres

grots, and caves, And i_cy waves Each in_stant e_cho to our song. Each

cres

ad lib

in_stant e_cho to our song.

ad lib

in_stant e_cho to our song.

ad lib

in_stant e_cho to our song.

mf ff ff ff

ROW GENTLY HERE.

DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD, R.A. ENGRAVED BY C. MARR.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier,
Hush hush — for up I go
To climb yon light balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.

London, Published Feb.y 14th 1822, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

In rowing Time.

p

p

p

mf

Row gent_ly here, my gon_do_lier, So soft_ly wake the tide; That

p

not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we glide. Had

Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star_ry eyes to see, Oh

ad lib:

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

mf

p

p

mf

Now rest thee here, my gondo_lier, Hush hush__ for up I

p

go To climb yon light Bal_co_ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be_

low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a_bove But half such pains as

ad lib:

we Take day and night, for woman's love, What An_gels we should

be!

mf *p* slentando *pp*

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

DUETT.

In rowing Time.

p *p* *mf*

Row gent_ly here, my gon_do_lier, So soft_ly wake the

Row gent_ly here, my gon_do_lier, So soft_ly wake the

pp

tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

glide. Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As starry eyes to see, Oh

glide. Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As starry eyes to . see, Oh

ad lib:

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

a Tempo

Colla Voce

p *p* *mf*

Now rest thee here, my gon_do_lier, Hush hush — for up I

Now rest thee here, my gon_do_lier, Hush hush — for up I

pp

go To climb yon light Bal_ co_ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be_

go To climb yon light Bal_ co_ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be_

low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a_bove But half such pains as

low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a_bove But half such pains as

ad lib:

we Take day and night, for woman's love, What Angels we should be!

we Take day and night, for woman's love, What Angels we should be!

Colla Voce

f a tempo

p slentando.

pp

OH DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

With Impassioned Melancholy.

p morendo dim

Oh days of youth and joy, long clouded, Why thus for e_ver

pp

haunt my view? When in the grave your light lay shrouded, Why did not

me_mory die there too? Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,

slentando

MAJORE.

Whisp'ring of joys that yet re_main_ No_no_, never, more can

this life bring me One joy that e_quals youth's sweet pain._

mf mf p

No_no, never more can this life bring me One joy that e_quals

mf mf p

youth's sweet pain_ One joy that e_quals youth's sweet pain.

mf mf p

Dim lies the way to death be_

mf *p* dim *pp*

fore me, Cold winds of Time blow round my brow_ Sunshine of youth that

espres:

once fell o'er me, Where is your warmth, your glo_ry now? 'Tis not that

slentando

then no pain could sting me_ 'Tis not that now no joys re_ main_

MAJORE.

Oh it is that life no more can bring me One joy so

mf

sweet as that worst pain_ Oh it is that life no more can

p

bring me One joy so sweet as that worst pain One joy so

mf *p* *mf*

sweet as that worst pain.

mf *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

In Moderate Time, with Expression.

p

When first that smile, like

p

sun_shine, bless'd my sight, Oh! what a vi_sion then came

o'er me, Long years of love, of calm and pure de_light,

Cres

mf p

Seem'd in that smile to pass be_ _fore me.

Cres

Ne'er did the peasant dream ne'er dream of summer skies, Of

gold_en fruit, and harvests springing, With fonder hope than

Slower

I of those sweet eyes, And of the joy their light was bringing.

colla voce

Tempo I.mo

Where now are all those

p

fond_ly promis'd hours? Oh Wo_man's faith is like her

3

bright _ ness, Fad_ing as fast as rain _ bows or day

Cres

mf p

flow'rs, Or aught that's known for grace and light _ ness.

3

Cres

Short as the Per_sian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

be each vow of Love's re_peat_ing_ Quick let him

wor_ship beau_ty's pre_cious ray, Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is

ad lib

colla voce

3

fleet_ing!

Tempo 1.mo

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

DUETT.

In Moderate Time, with Expression.

p

When first that smile, like

When first that smile, like

pp

sunshine bless'd my sight, Oh, what a vi_sion then came o'er me,

sunshine bless'd my sight, then came o'er me,

Cres.

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight, Seem'd in that

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,

mf *p*

smile to pass be_fore me. Ne'er did the pea_sant dream ne'er

to pass be_fore me. Ne'er did the pea_sant dream ne'er

Cres

dream of summer skies, Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,

dream of summer skies, Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,

With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes, And of the

With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,

ad lib:

joy their light was bring_ing.

their light was bring_ing.

Colla Voce.

a Tempo

Where now are all those fond_ly promis'd hours?

Where now are all those fond_ly promis'd hours?

pp

Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness — Fa_ding as fast as

is like her brightness — Fa_ding as fast as

Cres

mf p

rainbows or day-flow'rs Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.

rainbows or day-flow'rs for grace and lightness.

Cres

Short as the Persian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

Short as the Persian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

be each vow of Love's re_peat_ing — Quick let him worship

be each vow of Love's re_peat_ing — Quick let him worship

ad lib:

Beau_ty's precious ray, Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is

Beau_ty's precious ray, that ray is

Colla Voce.

fleet_ing.

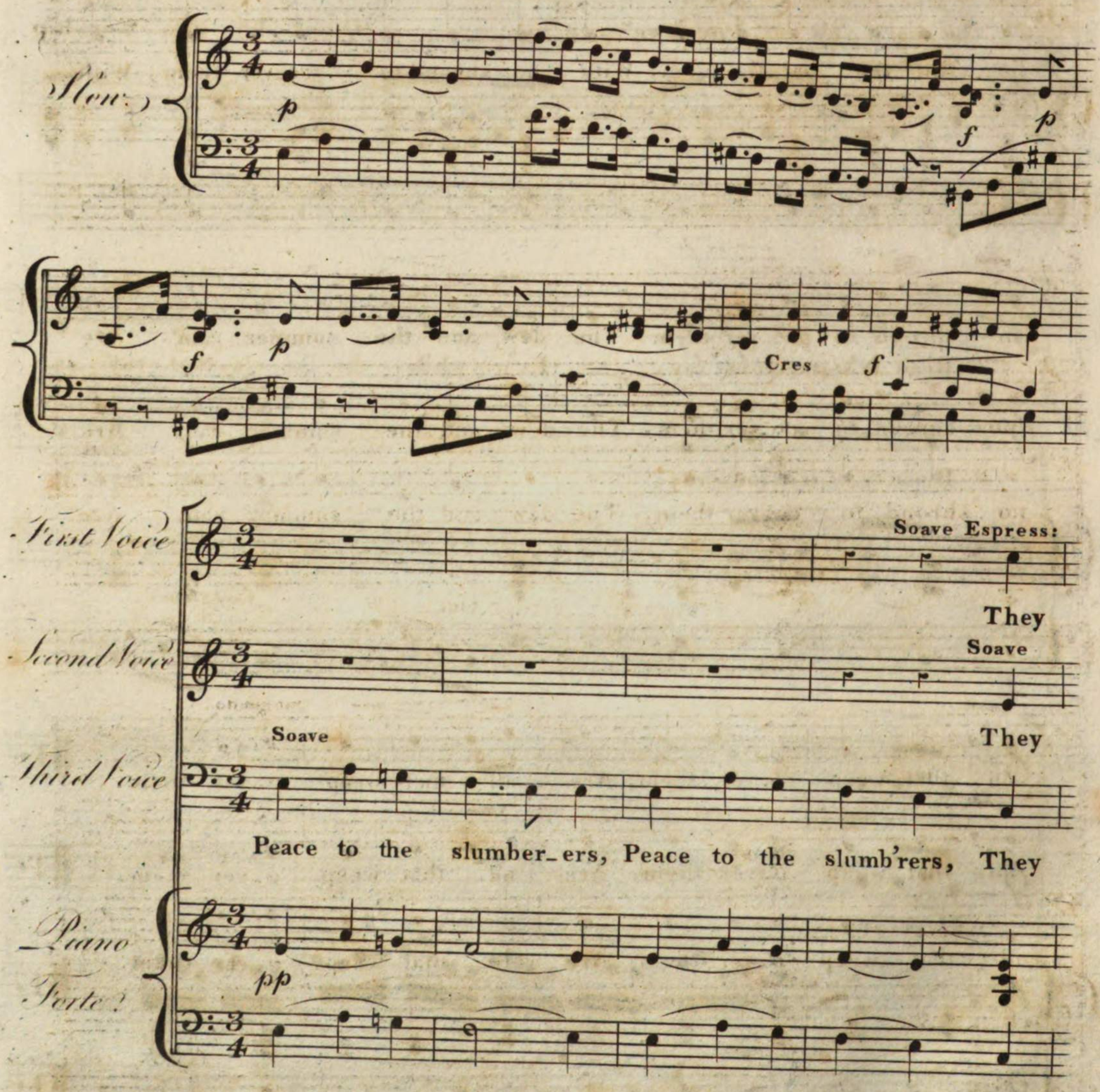
fleet_ing.

a Tempo

Dim

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS.

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES. *Catalonian Air.*



lie on the bat_tle plain, With no shroud to co_ver them, With

lie on the bat_tle plain, With no shroud to co_ver them, With

lie on the bat_tle plain, With no shroud to co_ver them, With

no shroud to co_ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

no shroud to co_ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

no shroud to co_ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

ten:

morendo.

all that weep o_ver them, Are all that weep o_ver them.

all that weep o_ver them, Are all that weep o_ver them.

all that weep o_ver them, Are all that weep o_ver them.

slentando. Vain was their brave_ry,

mf Cres p

Espress:

The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A_cross the wint'ry

The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A_cross the wint'ry

Vain was their brav'ry. The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A_cross the wint'ry

pp

ri_ver, A_cross the wint'ry ri_ver, But brave hearts, once

ri_ver, A_cross the wint'ry ri_ver, But brave hearts, once

ri_ver, A_cross the wint'ry ri_ver, But brave hearts, once

f

Piangevole

swept a_way, Are gone, a_las! for e_ver, Are gone, a_las! for

swept a_way, Are gone, a_las! for e_ver, Are gone, a_las! for

swept a_way, Are gone, a_las! for e_ver, Are gone, a_las! for

p

e_ _ver!

e_ _ver!

e_ _ver!

Slentando.

mf Cres

Pia:ed Espress:

Our limbs shall lie as

With Energy.

Our limbs shall lie as

Woe to the Conqueror! Woe to the Conqu'ror! Our limbs shall lie as

mf *f* *mf* *f* *pp*

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be_reft us, Of whom his sword be_

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be_reft us, Of whom his sword be_

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be_reft us, Of whom his sword be_

reft us, Ere we for_get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have

reft us, Ere we for_get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have

reft us, Ere we for_get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have

f *f*

left us, Of vengeance they have left us!

left us, Of vengeance they have left us!

left us, Of vengeance they have left us!

ad lib:

Colla Voce.

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

Tenderly

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light We us'd to gaze on so many an eye, When love was new and hope was bright, Ere I could doubt, or thou de- ceive— Oh then re-memb'ring how swift went by Those hours of

transport_ ev'n thou may'st sigh. Yes, proud one,

Cres

e_ven thy heart may own That love like ours was far too

sweet, To be like sum_mer garments thrown a_side, when

past the summer's heat; And wish in vain to know a_

mf p

gain Such days such nights as bless'd thee then.

Cres

"WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE KNOTS?"

Portuguese Air.

Playfully.

dol e legati.

Hymen late, his love-knots sell_ing, Call'd at many a mai_den's

dwell_ing, None could doubt, who saw or knew them, Hymen's call was welcome

to them "_Who'll buy my loveknots? Who'll buy my loveknots?" Soon as that sweet cry re_

sounded, How his baskets were surrounded! Maids, who

cres

p

now first dreamt of trying These gay knots of Hymen's ty - ing, Dames, who

long had sat to watch him Passing by—but ne'er could catch him "Who'll buy my

loveknots? who'll buy my loveknots?" All at that sweet cry assembled, Some laugh'd,

some blush'd, and some trembled. "Here are knots" said Hymen

Cres

p

tak_ing Some loose flow'rs "of Love's own making; Here are gold ones_ you may

trust 'em (These, of course, found ready custom) Come buy my loveknots, come buy my

loveknots, Some are labell'd "*Knots to tie men–Love the maker, Bought of*

Hymen.'' Scarce their bar_gains were com_pleat_ed, When the

Cres *p*

Nymphs all cried "we're cheated_ See these flow'rs, they're drooping sadly; This gold

knot, too, ties but badly_Who'd buy such loveknots? Who'd buy such loveknots? Ev'n this

tie, with Love's name round it_ All a sham_He never bound it!''

Cres

Love, who saw the whole pro_ceed_ing, Would have laugh'd, but for good-

breeding; While old Hymen, who was us'd to Cries like that these

Dames gave loose to "Take back our loveknots_Take back our loveknots" Coolly

said "There's no return_ing wares on Hymen's hands_good morning."

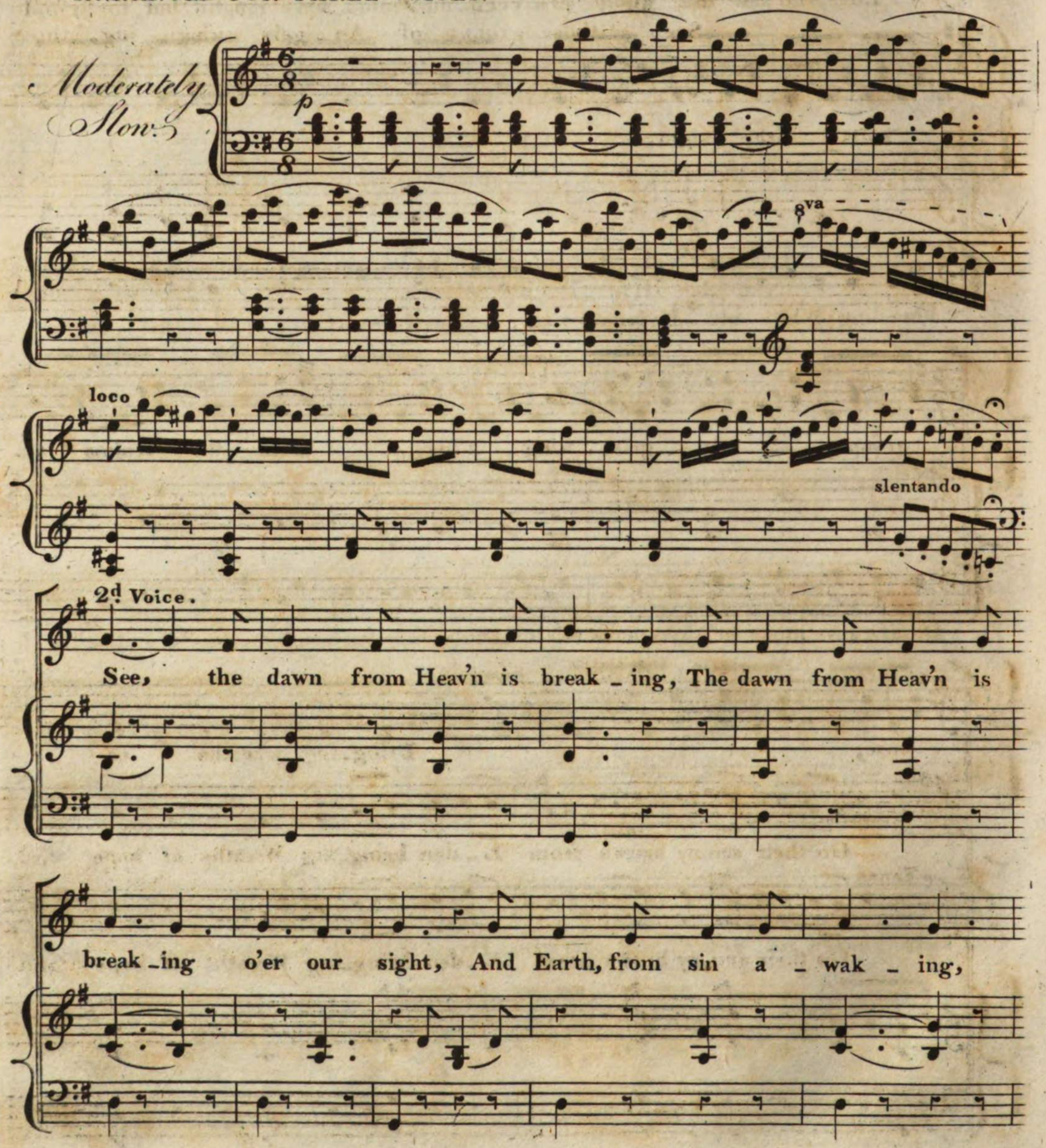
ad lib:

Cres mf

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

Air, Sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.



1st Voice.

See, those groups of An_gels wing_ing, those hails_ _the sight.

fp

groups of An_gels wing_ _ing from the realms a_bove;

Bring_ing wreaths of On their sun_ny brows from E_den bring_ing Wreaths of hope and

Tenor

On their sun_ny brows from E_den bring_ing Wreaths of hope and

love. On their sunny brows from E_den bring_ing Wreaths of hope and love.

love. On their sunny brows from E_den bring_ing Wreaths of hope and love.

love. Of hope and love.

mf

dim

p

2d Voice.

Hark__ their hymns of glory peal_ing, Their hymns of glo_ry peal_ing

through the air, To mor_tal ears re_veal_ing Who lies

There, in that dwell_ing dark and low_ly, That dwell_ing dark and

there.

fp

low_ _ly, Sleeps the heaven_ly Son.

He, whose home is in the

He, whose home is in the

The Ho - - ly One! He, whose home is in the

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly One! He, whose home is in the

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly One!

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!

the Ho - - ly One!

mf

dim *p* *pp*

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Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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Evelin's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
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Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
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Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
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It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
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Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
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At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
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Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
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Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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As slow our ship her foamy Track
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When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
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Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Oft in the stilly night ..... *Scotch*
Reason, Folly, and Beauty ..... *Italian*
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Love and Hope ..... *Swiss*
Love is a hunter-boy ..... *Languedocian*
My harp has one unchanging theme .. *Swedish*
Oh! no—not e'en when first we lov'd.. *Cashmerian*
Peace be around thee ..... *Scotch*
Then fare thee well ..... *English*
There comes a time ..... *German*

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Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)
The Bird let loose
Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tears
Weep not for those
The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)
Go, let me weep
Come not, oh Lord!
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
But who shall see
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The Shadows are stealing
Dear Girl
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Oh cast not a Damp on this Hour of Delight
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Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
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Le Vaillant Troubadour	*Sauvan*	1	0
Le Portrait		1	0
Le Serment Français		1	0
Partant pour la Syrie		1	0
Rose d'Amour	*Boieldieu*	1	0
Depuis longtems Gentille Annette	*Ditto*	1	0
Le Gentil Housard		1	0
Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur		1	0

(To be continued.)

	£.	s.	d.
A Collection of Canons, Catches, and Glees, Part of which have an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; composed by Sir John Stevenson; VOL. I.	1	1	0
A Collection of the Vocal Music of Thomas Moore, Esq.; VOL. I.	1	11	6
A Melologue upon National Music	0	3	0
M. P.; an Opera, in Three Acts	0	15	0

SONGS.

		s.	d.
ADIEU, at day-break	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A farewell!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	*Kelly*	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ah! what woes are mine	*Ditto*	2	0
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	*Horn*	1	6
A lady once had lovers	*Ditto*	1	6
Alice of Fyfe	*West*	2	0
A medley	*Horn*	1	6
And thou art young	*King*	2	0
Annot Lyle	*Doyle*	2	0
A rosy cheek	*Horn*	1	6
As when, at Nature's mighty word	*King*	1	6
Auld lang syne	*Burns*	1	0
Auld Robin Gray	*Ditto*	1	0
Away with this pouting and	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
A youth sat sighing	*Kelly*	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Horn*	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Be sure that a smart little maid	*King*	1	6
Bill of fare	*Horn*	1	6
Black and blue eyes	*Moore*	2	0
Blighted rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Bold is the maiden's heart	*Kelly*	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	*Ditto*	2	0
Bud in beauty	*Stevenson*	2	0
Can I again that form caress?	*Moore*	1	6
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	*Ditto*	2	0
Cease your funning, (*New Edition*)		1	0
Chain and lute	*Walmisley*	2	0
Chapter on pockets		1	0
Child of glory	*Kelly*	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Come, take the harp	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	*Ditto*	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, my sweetest maid		1	6
Contradiction	*Cooke*	1	6
Day of love	*Moore*	2	0
Damon's complaint	*Kelly*	2	0
Dandy beau	*Cooke*	1	0
Dear aunt	*Moore*	2	0
Dear Fanny	*Stevenson*	2	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	*Howell*	1	6
Dear to my heart	*Kelly*	1	6
Dearest Ellen, awake	*Emdin*	2	0
Deep in my soul	*Duval*	1	6
Did not?	*Moore*	1	6
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	*Smith*	1	6
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	*Stevenson*	1	6
Donald, (*new edition*)		1	0
Emblem	*Horn*	2	0
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	*Hawes*	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	*Blewitt*	2	0
Exile of Erin	*Campbell*	1	0
Expostulation	*Kelly*	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	*Cooke*	1	6
Fair Rosa!	*Parry*	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	*Moore*	2	0
Fanny was in the grove	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	*Molineux*	1	0
Farewell, Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Farewell, sweet eyes		1	6
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Folly, the	*Kelly*	1	0
For her I die	*Stevenson*	1	6
Friend of my soul	*Moore*	1	6
From glory's heights descending	*Kelly*	1	6
From life, without freedom	*Moore*	2	0
Gallant Troubadour	*Stevenson*	2	0
Give, love! give	*Beethoven*	2	0
Golden chain	*Leonard*	2	0
Good night	*Moore*	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	*Stevenson*	2	0

		s.	d.
Green spot that blooms	*Kelly*	1	6
Grotto	*Parry*	1	6
Hapless Mary!	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Hark! the trumpet, hark!	*Cooke*	2	0
Heath, this night, must be my bed	*Kemp*	1	6
Henry and Sue	*Horn*	1	6
Here, in this lone little wood	*Stevenson*	2	0
Here's the bower	*Moore*	2	0
Her heart was made to love	*Horn*	1	6
Hoax	*Ditto*	1	6
Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Hope told a flattering tale	*Paisiello*	1	0
Hour of victory	*Stevenson*	1	6
How happy once	*Moore*	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	*Stevenson*	1	6
Hush! dearest, hush!	*Horn*	1	0
Hush! forbear your faults	*Ditto*	1	6
I always turn to thee	*Kelly*	1	6
I can no longer stifle	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	*Ware*	1	6
If I swear by that eye	*Stevenson*	1	0
If maidens would marry	*Horn*	1	6
If then to love thee be offence	*Stevenson*	2	0
If winter frowns	*Horn*	1	6
I have woven a garland for thee	*Holden*	1	6
I'll love thee ever dearly	*Cooke*	1	6
I'm deep in love	*Parry*	1	6
I'm wearing awa	*Burns*	1	0
I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
In days of old	*Horn*	1	0
Indian maid	*Kelly*	1	6
I never told my love	*Ditto*	1	6
In moments to delight	*Walmisley*	1	6
In the days of my youth	*King*	1	0
In vain may that bosom	*Kelly*	1	6
Invitation, the	*Turnbull*	2	0
In yonder bower	*Arnold*	1	6
I sigh for the days that are gone	*Kelly*	1	6
It is not that a woman's eyes	*Cooke*	1	6
Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Lament, the		2	0
Land of Shillelah		1	0
Land o' the Leal (*New Edition*)		1	0
Light as the shadows of evening	*Stevenson*	1	6
Light sounds the harp	*Moore*	2	6
Lilla, come down to me	*Cooke*	2	0
Little Mary's eye	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
London, now is out of town	*Ware*	1	6
Look that says I love thee	*Cooke*	1	6
Lord of the castle	*King*	1	6
Lottery, the	*Moore*	2	0
Love	*Horn*	1	6
Love and Time	*Kelly*	2	0
Love, honour, and obey!	*Cooke*	1	6
Love in a storm	*Barry*	1	6
Love, like an April day	*Horn*	1	6
Love's light summer cloud	*Moore*	2	0
Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Loud the trump of war was blowing	*Horn*	1	6
Maid of Marlivale	*Stevenson*	2	0
Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
Man I love	*Kelly*	1	6
Mansion of love	*Emdin*	2	0
March away, Helen!	*Horn*	1	6
Mary, I believ'd thee true	*Stevenson*	1	6
Monody	*Hawes*	2	0
More laurels	*O'Meara*	1	0
My heart's my own		1	0
My life, I love thee!	*Kelly*	1	6
My love is gone to Islambol	*Ditto*	1	6
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	6

		s.	d.
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! such is love	*Kearns*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
Old Margery Grizzle	*King*	1	0
On a grand gala night	*Cooke*	1	6
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Sir Tumble-down Dick	*King*	1	0
Soft blue of her eye	*Kearns*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
These Messieurs, Anglois	*Kearns*	1	0
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
They tell us that wives are	*Kelly*	1	0
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you comet o the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, *(new edition)*	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ———	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETS.

		s.	d.
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Congenial to friends	*Stevenson*	2	0
Dear, in pity	*Ditto*	1	6
Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
Edmund of the hill	*Ditto*	1	6
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	*Stevenson*	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
Thro' silent woods	*King*	2	0
Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
Turn to this heart	*Horn*	1	6
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently ,row"	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
Canadian boat-song	*Moore*	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	*Ditto*	1	6
Ella	*Ditto*	2	6
Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	*Ditto*	2	6
Raise the song	*Stevenson*	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	*Moore*	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	*Stevenson*	2	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	*Moore*	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	*Stevenson*	3	0
This is love	*Moore*	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	*Horn*	2	0
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	2	6
Under the greenwood tree	*Ditto*	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	*Ditto*	1	6
Up, quit the bower	*Attwood*	2	0
We fairy folk	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals our years	*Phelps*	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	*Stevenson*	2	6
Wood nymph	*Smith*	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	*Stevenson*	2	6

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, " 'Tis the last Rose of Summer." ..... *Ries* 8 6
——— Piano-Forte part 6 6

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ARIA and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.		2	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Chipp*	2	6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment	*Little*	3	0
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Blaize et Babet	*Howell*	2	0
Cease your funning	*Davy*	2	0
Cogan's " Sonata." Violin Accomp.		5	0
Come chase that starting tear	*Eavestaff*	2	0
Conway Ferry	*Parry*	1	6
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Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.	*Little*	2	0
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Fantasie	*Gladstanes*	2	6
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Glow di Glow	*Cooke*	2	0
Go where glory waits thee	*Corri*	2	0
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——— " Sonata." Op. 47. to Miss Emily Tower		2	6
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La Belle Henriette	*Holder*	2	0
La belle Rosa	*Ditto*	2	6
La ci darem	*Gelinek*	2	0
——— Flute accompaniment	*Little*	1	6
Lady Mary	*Jansen*	1	6
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.	*Little*	2	0
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.	*Holder*	1	6
L'Hymenée	*Von Esch*	2	6
Lieber Augustine	*Gelinek*	2	0
Little's Exercises on Piano-forte		1	6
Lord Hardwicke's March	*Cooke*	2	0
Lord Wellington	*Jansen*	1	6
Marche Pastorale et Air Russe	*Von Esch*	2	6
Minuetto. Flute accomp.	*Little*	1	6
Merch Megan	*Dibdin*	1	6
Morgan Magan	*Lanza*	2	0
Mozart's Grand March	*Gelinek*	2	0
——— Military Waltz. Flute accom.	*Metzler*	1	6
——— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment	*Weippert*	5	0
My love is like the red, red rose, &c.	*Hummell*	2	6
Nel cor più non mi sento	*Gelinek*	2	0
Oh! Lady Fair	*Latour*	3	0
O softly sleep	*Kiallmark*	2	0
Pastoral Rondo	*Holder*	3	0
Peace be around thee	*Hummell*	2	6
Pria che l'Impegno	*Gelinek*	2	6
Prussian Air	*Ditto*	2	0
Pyrenese Air	*Ditto*	1	6
Queen of Prussia's Waltz	*Ditto*	2	6
Rode's Air, variations	*Lysaght*	2	0
St. Patrick's Day	*Logier*	2	0
Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace	*Voigt*	1	6
Sicilian Dance	*Little*	2	0
Siciliana and Pollacca	*Schulz*	3	0
Sophy	*Burrowes*	2	0
Sun Flower	*Hummell*	2	6
Sweet Richard	*Parry*	2	0
Syren	*Schulz*	2	0
Tema and Waltz	*Holder*	3	0
Tu che accendi, Flute accomp.	*Little*	2	0
Tyrolese Air	*Gelinek*	2	6
Valse Françoise	*Ringwood*	1	6
Venetian Air	*Hummell*	1	0
When the Rosebud	*Kiallmark*	2	6
Wood-pecker	*Burrowes*	2	6
Ye Cambrian Youths	*Parry*	2	0
Young Love	*Burrowes*	2	6

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Hornpipe danced by Mad. Milanie	*Cooke*	3	0
La ci darem la mano	*Little*	1	6
Mozart's Military Waltz	*Metzler*	1	6
O Dolce Concento	*Burrowes & Nicholson*	2	6
Ditto, ditto	*Parry*	3	0
Nightingale	*Parry*	3	0
Parry's Six Divertimentos		5	0
Polonoise	*Metzler*	3	0
Thistle Grove	*Coggins*	2	6
Thrush	*Parry*	3	0
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